

# DISCONTENT

"MOTHER OF PROGRESS"

Entered at the Postoffice at Home, Wash., as Second Class Matter.

VOL. III. NO. 11.

HOME, WASH., WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 10, 1900.

WHOLE NO. 115.

## BRESCI'S FATE.

Rome, September 20.—"Imprisonment for life," doubtless sounded to Americans like a mild punishment for Bresci, when the news of the fate of the assassin of the late King Humbert of Italy was cabled abroad two days ago. But that is because the people of the United States do not know Italy's prison code. Quick death would have been too good for the killer of a king, in the opinion of his judges. Rome knows what "imprisonment for life" means for an assassin. The chief topic here in the Italian capital now is the exquisite tortures that are awaiting Bresci. Figuring that man has at least two lives, a mental and a physical life, and both capable of much endurance, the Roman law apparently gives the executive authorities leave to turn a life sentence into a thousand deaths. For a regicide a life sentence really means "death with torture on the way to execution," the most terrible punishment the middle ages invented. In olden times the victims were obliged to ride to death in a cart naked and loaded with chains, while the headsman cut, burned and otherwise tortured them according to the demands of the blood-drunk onlookers. Now the public is not invited to the show, but the culprit's fate is no less cruel.

Passanante, who stabbed King Humbert November 17, 1878, was marched to a dungeon instead of to the gallows. The act of grace read: "Ten years in the 'segreta,' or black hole, the rest of his life in solitary confinement."

The black hole in Portoserrgio was a sepulchre seven feet below the level of the sea. Its breadth was three feet three inches and it was twice as long. But an Italian who had lived all his life in mine shafts, or in malaria-pregnant dugouts, was not easily killed, mentally or physically, by close confinement. Passanante outlived the ten years of the black hole and became ripe for the criminal insane asylum only in 1889. The authorities have therefore decided that the black hole is a failure as a place of punishment, but as it could not be improved upon in respect to dampness, darkness and unhealthfulness they concluded that to add to its horrors it was necessary to turn it up on end and shape it like a coffin. Consequently, the latest king slayer will spend the next ten years, if he lives, in a coffin instead of in the sarcophagus formerly occupied by his unsuccessful colleague. The standing, or upright, casket—this is the name given to his cell by the prison authorities—prepared for him has the same dimensions as Passanante's. If it had less he would suffocate. If he attempts to lie down on the bottom of his coffin cell he will have to double up like a man in a barrel. Cramps will assail him till in agony he again struggles to his feet. But whether sitting or standing, vermin will be always gnawing at him. He cannot brush them off.

Of course, in an absolutely dark cell,

physical employment is impossible. The regicide is condemned to perpetual idleness—idleness without interruption. . . . He isn't allowed a spindle, or even a piece of stone to turn about in his hands. That he has no opportunity for reading, writing and smoking need hardly be mentioned.

The solitary confinement which is to begin after the first ten years in the coffin cell differs in no wise from the black hole, except that the regicide is placed in a cell intended for murderers generally. The coffin cell, as already explained, is an especially prepared dungeon, used for regicides only. Foul and insufficient food, idleness and silence are imposed in the next stage of imprisonment, but the prisoner's ears may occasionally catch sounds of footsteps or voices; for his cell is then in the basement instead of under the basement of the prison, and the cell door, secured by chains, is left open during the day for a space of two inches to allow fresh air to enter.

The prison is established in the colossal ruins of Frederick II's castle on the extreme end of the ancient mole. Five hundred years have passed since this stronghold was laid low, but its subterranean dungeons are as numerous, death bringing and well fortified today as in the times when the powerful enemy of popes Innocent III, Honorius III, and Gregory IX, built them to punish pirates and obstreperous barons. Among the several hundred cells there are very few not furnished with wooden horses and iron rings to facilitate the infliction of tortures.

In addition to the ordinary instruments of torture with which most of the cells in this prison are provided there is also a special torture chamber. It is fitted with a rack on which the prisoner is placed, and over his body is passed a heavy roller with spikes, which cut into the flesh and crush the bones. In this chamber of horrors there is a limb stretcher. This is a high scaffolding, with ropes and pulleys, by means of which the arms are pulled upward and the legs downward till the bones are drawn from their sockets.

Here, too, is kept an iron cage the shape of the body, in which the prisoner is put when he becomes insane. There is a head piece, with spikes to pierce the tongue, if the prisoner, in his desperation, makes an outcry. There are finger pinchers to crush the joints of the hands. There is a chain for hanging him up by both arms and legs. There is the conventional thumbscrew. Then there is a neck collar and chain to keep him standing upright for days and days at a time. Last of all there is the iron frame in which his body will be put after death and displayed on a gibbet.

In summer the worst criminals, and those prisoners of whom the authorities want to rid themselves, are sent down in the most absolutely naked. Very few of these miserable men escape a painful death by the shoals of vipers living at the bottom of the ditch and in

the ancient rock wall. . . . If Bresci has the hardihood to live longer than his tormentors wish him to there is small likelihood that he can avoid the viper pit. The species that make the moat of the Pagno prison a den of death are vipera aspis and vipera ammodytes, the deadliest of their kind. While the naked bodies of the prisoners offer no protection whatever against their attacks, the prisoners are not even allowed to carry a stick or switch to defend themselves. They must face the most agonizing death, mute, like sheep, their legs manacled together.—San Francisco Examiner.

The more enlightened people of the whole world must read with horror the terrible fate of Bresci, yet all progress in the past has been made by such as he giving up their lives upon the altar of right and justice.

When we read of the extreme cruelty that the Italian government proposes to inflict on Bresci we can only wonder that kings are not assailed more frequently.

While, as an Anarchist, I do not believe in the taking of life except in self defense, yet who can say that Bresci did not act in self defense by ridding the people of one political parasite. The people of Italy are bowed down by the weight of burdens placed upon them by church and state. King Humbert was a man who levied a tribute upon the toil of those who were suffering for the necessities of life, in order that he might live in luxury and ease, exacting a tribute from those living in huts and hovels that he might live in a palace, adding daily by his mode of living fresh burdens to those already borne by the weak and weary workers of his country. A non producer of anything that adds to man's happiness, his loss would not be felt in the world of truth so much as that of his most lowly subject.

Bresci, a man of a loving, sympathetic nature, driven to madness at the sight of poverty, distress and crime upon all sides, and knowing that governments are the true cause of these wretched conditions, struck the fatal blow in defense of those he loved. That he was mistaken in supposing that he slew the crown is evident from the fact that a king was on the throne the day after Humbert's death; hence, to my mind, he made a mistake in slaying Humbert. He stands before the world a murderer, yet even he in his madness was far more merciful to his victim than the aggregation of individuals are to him. He goes to a thousand deaths. Governments can kill by thousands in war, they can burn at the stake, pull apart upon the rack, bury alive, hang, behead, electrocute, rob, murder and imprison, and go unpunished. And people will fill their coffers year after year to carry on this hellish system of divine civilization.

Let us hope that Bresci's sufferings will be the means of advancing humanity to a plane above that of mere brutes, then his deed will not have been done in vain.

O. A. VERITY.

## HAPPINESS AND APPRECIATION.

Every act of man or woman, whether it be an act of kindness or antagonism, is doubtless prompted by anticipations of appreciation or approval, and while a few may act without a thought of consequences which may follow, the great majority hope for happiness as the ultimate reward. This is termed, by some, humanitarian principles, self sacrifice, unselfish devotion, daring deed of heroism, and other achievements, too numerous to mention, while by others it is regarded as being nothing more than selfishness, and the more heroic the act performed, or the greater the sacrifice made, the more is the actor swayed by the influence of selfish motives.

That there is some degree of truth in each of these extremes cannot be denied, yet we think it can be shown that neither one is absolutely accurate. For notwithstanding the acknowledgment that selfishness may be at the bottom of all our actions there is certainly a foolish and a wise course of selfishness, with this marked distinction: The man who seeks for happiness regardless of the sorrows of or at the suffering and expense of others is very foolishly selfish, while the man who seeks for happiness through the selfishness which aims to secure and promote the happiness of others is successfully and wisely selfish.

In submitting an article on the subject to which the above heading refers it is hoped that it may be the means of awakening a responsive chord in those retiring, timid hearts where it has slumbered, probably for years, waiting for the hour when it would be awakened and called into expression. It may, perhaps, appear to some as being merely visionary, or an impracticable ideal, but having thought upon the subject for a number of months past, and being somewhat a believer in the "vibratory transmissions of feeling" of the universe around us, I submit the supposition that the feelings which have prompted the expression of thought herein contained must live somewhere, and are being sent forth on the "unknown waves" by means of which are being transmitted the yearnings of those "hungry souls" wandering in the wilderness in search of love and sympathy from those who understand the longings of the human heart, especially in the case of those to whom the world is cold and cruel and from whose despondent lives the rosy tints of hope have almost disappeared.

I have often thought that half the failures encountered in life were due to a want of appreciation, or to a feeling that the efforts made were unworthy of recognition. Now, if we would put in practice an appreciative recognition of the efforts made by others in the interest of humanity, or even the attainment of their far-off ideals, there is not a doubt in my mind but that our own

(Continued on page 4.)



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PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT HOME, WASH., BY  
DISCONTENT PUBLISHING GROUP.

50 CENTS A YEAR

Address all communications and make  
all money orders payable to Discon-  
tent, Home, Wash.

## SOCIALISM VS. ANARCHISM.

The above terms are used by different persons in different senses and by some persons without any sense at all. Numbers confound the two, not seeming to know t'other from which; but there is a difference, at least to my mind. Let me define it?

"Socialist!" was that term of opprobrium or reproach that leaders, and would-be leaders, in both church and state used to throw (like street arabs throw mud) at anyone possessing or advocating views and opinions a little broader, a little loftier, than their own, or any matter concerning the betterment of humanity.

"Anarchist!" is the term now used by the same class of people.

Socialism is an idea of a better system of living than the present capitalistic competitive one—an ideal of a system in which equity and justice shall rule rather than greed and oppression. Socialism is an experimental plan by which it is hoped and believed, by its advocates and adherents, that each and all shall receive the full product of their toil, which alone is the natural wage of labor. Socialism proposes to accomplish this by an ever-increasing extension of government, until the state is supreme arbiter and ruler in all of the functions that pertain to life and society.

And yet Socialists know full well that government means politics, and politics stand for a veritable sewer of filth and corruption—of such depth and blackness that a noted politician openly declared that "purity in politics is an iridescent dream!" And it is; and if some of the "have-nots" (as distinguished from those who have gotten both hands full, yet, like Oliver Twist, ask for more!) are not cognizant of the reductio ad absurdum of the proposed plan of salvation, some of their owners and masters are, and are gradually coming over to the idea of State Socialism; like the gentry and clergy of France adopting Republicanism and Communism—the diplomatic ones realize the position and the way out; they will readily swear to the new faith as the only chance to hold, or resume in the near future, the reins of power.

Anarchism is an idea that each human being should have the widest liberty for development—bounded only by the equal liberty of every other human being. Anarchism is an ideal of a system in which justice, born of love springing within the human heart, shall cause men to do unto others as they would be done by. Anarchism is a plan by which every soul will have free scope to live out that which its nature prompts and demands. Anarchists believe that under free conditions every soul born would have within itself the faculty and capacity to live its own life to the best end, unfettered by law or custom. Anarchists believe that, right here and

now, men and women are of sterling worth at bottom and that each and all would do just what is fair and equitable to their neighbors if given half a chance; but that the curse of exploitation is upon all—and that the present system of government will eternally perpetuate it—therefore, they are against government.

And these are the ideals that are slowly but surely uprising on the ruins of the commercial-competitive system of the past. Which is fairest? Which will you choose? You must choose one, and the choice lies before you.

"The one is dictatorial, the other libertarian.

"Both are in pursuit of the greatest possible welfare for all.

"One aims to establish happiness, the other to enable each to be happy in his own way.

"The first proclaims the sovereignty of the state, the second recognizes no sort of sovereign.

"One wishes all monopolies to be held by the state, the other wishes the abolition of all monopolies.

"One wishes that there should be none but proletaires, the other wishes there should be no more proletaires.

"The first wishes to take everything from everybody, the second wishes to leave each in possession of his own.

"The one wishes to expropriate everybody, the other wishes everybody to be a proprietor.

"The first says: 'Do as the government wishes.'

"The second says: 'Do as you wish yourself.'

"The former threatens with despotism, the latter promises liberty.

"The former makes the citizen the subject of the state, the latter makes the state the employe of the citizen.

"One aspires to command, to regulate, to legislate; the other wishes to attain the minimum of command, of regulation, of legislation.

"One would be followed by the most atrocious of reactions, the other opens unlimited horizons to progress.

"The first will fail, the other will succeed.

"One sees equality under a common yoke, the other will secure equality in complete liberty.

"One is intolerant, the other tolerant.

"The first wishes to instruct everybody, the second wishes to enable everybody to instruct himself.

"The first wishes to support everybody, the second wishes to enable everybody to support themselves."

C. H. CHEYSE.

## "ENCOURAGING ANARCHY.

"Count Enrico Malatesta, archanarchist, was interviewed in London, and gave to the world his valuable opinion that acts of such as Bresci are instigated by Emperor William and the Hon. Joseph Chamberlain. The one cries 'No quarter!' The other 'plans the robbing of little nations of their freedom.' Of course, Count Enrico talked what is technically known as 'hot air,' but the heated output was regarded as valuable enough to pay cable tolls on; and if it encourage some other lunatic to take a shot at a king the money is not spent in vain.

"Believe me," says Count Enrico dramatically—we assume that he spoke dramatically—"the blows struck against kings are not planned by societies. They are the protests of individuals." This is true as preaching. We do not believe that Count Enrico, or any other talkative Anarchist, would harm a cat. It is the 'individuals' that, worked up to the proper pitch of insanity by the mouthings of the talkative Anarchists, strike the utterly useless blows against royalty. After they have struck they are left to their fate. There are no

Robin Hood rescues; not a hand is lifted to save them. The talkative Anarchists retreat to their beer tunnels and talk the tragedy over with gentlemen of the press, who spread their tawdry heroics before the world, to encourage some other half-baked individual to shoot at another crowned head.

"The cheap talk of the Malatestas is worth not a smudge of printer's ink. Anarchists that do more than talk, Anarchists that commit or attempt assassination, should be treated as mad dogs are treated—put out of the way; if not by death, by imprisonment. Then, if the matter were dropped, the motive for the crime—publicity—would be defeated; and the insane broodings of other individuals would be depressed rather than fanned into action. The newspapers do more to encourage the Brescis than their own leaders. These leaders cannot give them the coveted prize, publicity; the newspapers can, and do."

Such bitter, mocking utterances as the foregoing are more apt to incite a worker with some spirit to rid himself even of one of the leaders of the hordes of parasites that feed on him than the utterances of a logical reasoner like Malatesta. Look you well, my friend. These are neither knaves nor fools. They are workers who have been crushed a little harder than they can stand and simply strike back at the cause. I question their judgment in killing these leaders. I think that little, if any, good is accomplished in that way. But why such a fuss about the taking off of a Humbert or an empress when a thousand workers die in the vain attempt to sustain life as wageslaves. It seems to me a wonderful thing that the workers are as patient as they are. It is often difficult to find the parasites that feed on the body physical or politic, but it is a greater task to decide how to get rid of them. Each tries his own way.

G. H. ALLEN.

## AGREEING TO DISAGREE.

The question is often asked why cannot the reformers of all classes unite upon some plan whereby their now divided efforts will become productive of good. Especially is this question asked about the time of our state and national elections.

Answering this from an anarchistic standpoint I would say that as all the reform parties of the past have had as their basis the continuance of the fundamental principle of the present system, that of majority rule, it is impossible for one who denies the right of any number to rule to take any part in political action.

While there are principles in some of the reform parties that if put into practice would no doubt be a step in advance of the present system, it is nevertheless true that the same corrupting influence which has undermined all reform politics in the past would be brought to bear upon these new parties, and, therefore, it is useless to expect permanent benefit from them.

Anarchists, having passed through all the stages of political rule and misrule; having seen year after year the disgusting spectacle of a struggle for spoils; having seen the crime and distress which are the result of government, and having seen the business of a whole nation

paralyzed while the people breathlessly awaited the results of a day's voting, cannot today consistently buckle on their armor and fight for a party, no matter what its platform, which is based on the same principles that will in the end reproduce the same evil effects. They prefer rather to teach the principles of justice than those of policy; to teach that which will bring them together in peace and harmony, not tear asunder; to teach the principles which will bring freedom for men and women, and not those which tend to enslave them; to teach a system that will allow of the greatest development of the individual and the nation, leaving all free to work out their own plans, and to choose that which proves to be best.

Under any form of government the minority is not free, but must become subservient to the ideas and plans of others; and it is because of the making of such slaves that Anarchists refuse to submit to any party lash whatever.

O. A. VERITY.

## PATRIOTISM AND POVERTY.

The prevailing jingo madness was never more strikingly or ludicrously illustrated than by those unfortunate creatures who were turned out of their wretched insanitary slums into the streets of Bermondsey the other day. Their dwellings had been condemned as unfit for human habitation, but the miserable inhabitants, having no other shelter, clung to these hideous dens until literally thrown into the streets. Yet from almost every grimy casement of these fever-stricken, vermin-infested hovels fluttered a dingy calico flag to testify to the patriotic joy and enthusiasm of the now evicted inhabitants at the defeat of those "d-d Boers and old Kroozer" at the hands of "our soldiers." Truly, a most excruciatingly funny tragedy. Here were those poor devils, turned out of house and home, without shelter and without a friend in the world, rejoicing at the success, 7,000 miles away, of the very class to whom their own misery is due. And then "our betters" talk of the selfishness of the "lower orders!"—London Justice.

Those who chance to think alike get together and form a political party, a society or sect, and take it for granted they've got all the wisdom of the world grabbed—that beyond their little Rhode Island of intellect are only gibbering idiots and plotting knaves. When a man fears to subject his faith to the crucible of controversy; when he declines to submit his ideas to the ballista and battering ram of cold logic you can safely set it down that he's either a hopeless cabbage head or a hypocritical humbug; that he's a fool or a fraud; is full of buncomb or bile. It is a difference of opinion that keeps the world from going to the dogs. Independence of thought, doubt of accepted dogmas, the spirit of inquiry, the desire to know is the mighty lever that has lifted man so far above the brute level that he has begun to claim kinship with the creator.—Brann.

On the back of every able worker in Germany sits an armed soldier. The worker not only has to produce enough for himself and family and for taxes to enable the titled aristocracy to enjoy living, but he has to produce a living for the soldier also. This is what a standing army means!—Ex.



## CHAINS.

BY JUNO.

## CHAPTER XVI.

The shadow of death was hovering over Fairview farm. The stranger had not rallied, but daily grew worse. He knew no one, and though he had the best and tenderest care he was not conscious of it, and it seemed now but a question of a few days, perhaps only hours, before his life would be ended. Aunt Marian and Mary with Uncle Andrew and Sam nursed him.

Jennie had been lingering so close to the dark valley that all but Rollin had said there is no hope. "She shall not die. My precious love shall not die," he said. Two days and nights they had watched her. Ida and Rollin were with her, taking no rest or scarcely time to eat. The doctor had said: "There is one chance in a hundred. If she can be aroused, and the desire to live be awakened, then the vital force may be strengthened, otherwise there is no hope." But she seemed to be too far in the borderland to be brought back.

"It may be when she hears the cry of her baby that it will arouse her," said Ida.

"I do not think she will ever hear it, for I fear she will die before the child is born. And I am quite sure the child is dead. She will have a stillborn babe," said the doctor.

At last after hours of the keenest suffering, anxiety and sorrow a tiny girl was given to Aunt Marian. She carried it to the fire, tried to warm it to life, then wrapping it in a warm, soft flannel she held it to her heart and wept bitter tears. "You precious little child. Oh, that you had lived. Your mother has given up her life for you and the sacrifice was useless." She held the little body close and sobbed out her bitter grief. She had been brave while with the others, but it was too much to endure the strain long and she was glad to be alone. The door opened and Uncle Andrew came in. He went to her and, putting his arms around her, said:

"I am so sorry for you, my dear Marian, and wish I could help you bear this terrible trouble. I am anxious about Rollin; he seems dazed by his grief; he does not move, but sits there and holds Jennie's hand and talks to her constantly, but he does not know what he is saying. Perhaps the sight of the baby will arouse him."

Mrs. Blake turned the cover back from the tiny waxen face and kissed the dainty mouth.

"Andrew! Andrew!" she exclaimed. "The lips are warm. Oh, perhaps, the doctor was mistaken!"

Not a moment was lost, both working with the little one, and in half an hour a faint cry rewarded their efforts.

Ida had been working with Jennie.

"Rollin, I say Rollin, listen to me. Jennie is not dead. I feel the heart beat. It is weak, and the beats are faint, but I tell you we will save her. Rollin, rouse yourself, go get the battery."

Once aroused Rollin worked with the energy of desperation. Her pulse seemed to grow stronger, but there was no other sign of life. Just when even Ida began to despair Mrs. Blake brought in the

baby girl and said "Rollin, the little one is alive;" and as she was going to put the child in Rollin's arms Ida said "Give her to me Aunt Marian," and then she took the child to Jennie and, bending over her, she said:

"Jennie, here is your baby, can you take her? She is hungry." Then a little louder: "Jennie, Jennie, you will have to nurse her or she will die."

The mother love was alarmed, and as though the little one knew and understood it lifted its weak voice to call the mother back. A feeble cry from the child and Jennie opened her eyes. Ida motioned the others to be quiet and placing the babe on Jennie's arm she put the tiny lips to the mother's breast. She had to hold the little head in position, for neither mother nor child had strength. With what intense interest Rollin watched his love and their child. "Oh, if there is an all-ruling power spare me my loved ones," he silently prayed. How dear Jennie was to him, doubly dear since he realized the danger through which she had passed and the agony she suffered. Jennie and the little one were soon sleeping. Slowly, very slowly, they returned to life. Many times they seemed to be slipping away, but at last they were out of danger.

"A miracle," the doctor said.

"They would not let me go," Jennie told him.

It seemed that Rollin was afraid to leave his treasures. "You look like you are ready to leave us and I must watch you," he said one day when Jennie was sitting up for the first time and the baby was on her lap. She had begged to hold it and Rollin had laid the child on her lap.

"No, dear, I want to stay. I have everything to induce me to live and the awful cloud that enveloped me is gone."

Rollin took the child and said: "You have held her long enough, little wife. Even her dight weight would become burdensome soon. What a dainty, fragile, little darling she is. This morning when I saw her open her eyes and look into mine I thought of the blue crocus blossoms. I think we will have to call her Blossom for a pet name; it fits her exactly."

"I would like to name her for mother and for you, dear—Marian Carr."

"As you please, dear. I would be proud to have our child bear my name, but in this matter I want you to do as you wish. Now, I want to tell you something that has happened while you were ill."

Then he told her of the stranger who had come, of his illness and how he was now convalescing. Sam had misunderstood his name and called him Mr. Briners. No one knew him, and he said nothing about himself.

"After you had recovered so that Ida was willing to leave you she took Mary's place one day; the room was darkened and Ida did not see him until Uncle Andrew went in to give him his medicine; as soon as the curtain was raised Ida said: 'Father, that is James Bryington.' Though he had a heavy beard she knew him. Since he became conscious she has not been in his room, and I have not seen him. I thought it best to keep out of his sight at least until he is stronger. Ida says not to let him know that she is here, and I think she is planning to go away."

Just then Sam came in, and, after a

few cordial words to Jennie and a kindly inquiry concerning the little one, he asked Rollin if he could see him a few minutes. After a little talk Rollin said: "Come and tell Jennie; she will not get excited and I would like for her to know."

So Sam went to Jennie's room and told her the following:

"This morning while Mr. Bryington was eating his breakfast the door was left ajar and Andrew, Jr., came in. My, but the child looked beautiful. Before I could send him out Bryington had seen him and said: 'Well, you are a handsome chap. What's your name?' 'Andrew Crawford, Jr.,' he answered. I thought our sick friend would faint; he just looked at the child in a dazed sort of a way and I sent Andrew out of the room. He would eat nothing more, and when the breakfast was cleared away he shut his eyes and I thought he was asleep and went to my room. When the time came to give his medicine I went in and there was Andrew, Jr., perched up on the bed, and I heard him say 'I haven't any papa, but I have a grandpa and a booful mama.' Then I went in and told the boy to go to his grandpa. Then Bryington said: 'Tell me, who is that boy?' 'He told you his name,' I answered. 'Is his mother here?' 'Yes.' 'Have I seen her?' 'No, I think not, though she helped to take care of you when you were so sick.' He reached out, grasped my hand and exclaimed: 'For God's sake, man, tell me is she Ida Crawford?' 'She is,' I replied. 'Then I must see her. I tell you I have suffered a thousand deaths since she left her old home. I have known no peace day or night.' He grew so excited that I tried to quiet him, but he kept demanding to see Ida. So I went to her room and told her about Andrew and what he had said. At first she said 'I cannot see him,' but when I told her that, perhaps, his life depended on it she called Andrew and they are in his room now."

When Ida went to James Bryington she felt all the old love and knew it was not dead, but that there was an added tenderness occasioned by his illness. She opened the door noiselessly but James heard her and looked eagerly at her and at their boy.

"Ida, can you forgive me? I meant to be true, but I was a coward. Will you forgive me?"

"I do forgive you," she replied, and placed her hand in his, but she did not return the pressure. She loved him and felt a tumult within, but she kept herself outwardly calm.

"Is this our boy?" James asked.

"Yes, papa asked me to give him his name, and so we call him Andrew Crawford, Jr."

"My grandpa is good. He lets me drive his horse, and says I'm to have a pony some time."

James did not know what to say. He felt that he had forfeited all interest in this mother and child. He had left her in great need. "Cowardly desertion," he now called it; and as he saw her, beautiful, graceful, the look of thoughtfulness enhancing her beauty, and saw the manly, handsome boy who said "No, I have no papa, but I have a grandpa and a booful mama," he felt that his punishment was great indeed. A few remarks concerning his illness and recovery, and then Ida said:

"You look wearied; we will go now and let you rest."

"You will come again and bring the boy?" he asked, looking as though he was afraid she would say no. But Ida graciously replied "Certainly, if you wish us to come."

How he cursed his folly after they were gone. How empty his life seemed to him.

"She can never love me now. I can never win her love, and that boy, any man would be proud to own him. Poor fool that I was to ever be ashamed of her."

Every day after this Ida and Andrew would spend an hour in James' room. She seemed to grow more stately and cold and the distance increased between the two. But Andrew made friends with James and delighted to play in his room, spending most of his time with him. Rollin had been in to see James; had given him a condensed account of the farm, the Glen, and the management of the same. He told him who were the members of the family, but did not enter into details. It puzzled James to understand it and he finally gave up trying. When he became strong enough to leave his room he met Jennie, who was gaining strength rapidly. James wondered about it.

"They seem to be married. Anyhow, there is the little girl that they are so proud of; and then there is that Carroll and that girl Mary. Well, I don't see through it, but they are the most peaceful family I ever saw to have so many different members," and then his thoughts drifted to Ida. "I would marry her now, be glad to, but I know she won't have me. I'll have to go away; it will kill me to stay and be so near her and yet be kept at such a distance."

That night at supper he announced his intention of leaving.

"Can you take me to the depot tomorrow?"

"Yes, if it is necessary," replied Rollin, "but I have to go on business the next day. Can you wait until then?"

They told him that they were sorry to have him go, that he was welcome to stay, and Andrew was clamorous for "Mr. James" to stay, but the one voice that could have kept him was silent. And he thought it was because she wished him to leave.

The next day James was taking a farewell look at the different points of interest, but his heart was heavy with grief, and as he looked into Andrew's eyes (the boy was with him) he felt as though he must take the child in his arms and say: "Love me, my boy, I am your father, but I am not worthy."

Andrew had been chatting ceaselessly, telling James of the ducks, of "the gander what chased me and whipped me with his wings just 'cause I looked in the goose's nest," and then, with the changeability of a child, he said, while a frown puckered his brow:

"My booful mama cried last night, she did, for she waked me up and she hugged me and said 'My darling, my love, are you goin' to leave me again?' and I never did leave my mama, and I aint goin' to now, 'course I aint."

At first James looked puzzled, then a ray of hope came to him.

"Oh, is it possible? Come, my little man, I am going to the house."

"But you haven't saw all the chickens nor my —"

"Some other time, my little man."

(To be continued.)



## ASSOCIATION NOTES.

Oscar Carlson, of Anderson Island, Wash., spent a day here last week visiting friends.

Sylvia Allen has gone to Island county, this state, to take charge of a school for the fall term.

Bertha and Edna Stecker, who now reside in Tacoma, were the guests of the Adams family for two days the past week.

Maggie Ultican, who was the guest of Macie Verity for the past three weeks, left for her home in Cosmopolis last Friday.

Mrs. O. K. Smith, who has been spending the summer at the Cooperative Brotherhood colony at Burley, was with us for a few days last week. She will return in a short time to make her home with us.

The boys here decided to head off the school-desk trust by manufacturing the desks for our school themselves. They are putting up an adjustable desk and seat, of their own invention, and are doing first-class work.

A few of the leading lights of democracy of this county passed through our village very hastily last week. They spoke at Lakebay. Somehow, politicians give us a wide berth. We would say to our brothers of the several political faiths that we have a schoolhouse which is always open to them if they will discuss with us.

J. E. Larkin and family are having a little more than their share of trouble just at present. Very shortly after his recovery from a sick spell last summer their baby was taken very sick. The constant watching and caring for the child was too much for the mother and she has been confined to her bed for the last ten days. Roscoe, their second oldest child, is now down with fever.

The fruit season is about over—more's the pity. But most of us have had plenty, for there has been an abundance of fruit this year in the near vicinage, and some of the community have had strawberries, dewberries, blackberries, currants, gooseberries, raspberries, apples, pears and quinces out of their own gardens—and these seem much sweeter and more luscious than those gotten elsewhere. We all can have the same satisfaction and pleasure, by the same means—a little effort, a little land, a little fertilizer, a little tree, a little time and patience.

The land owned by the Mutual Home Association is located on an arm of Henderson Bay known locally as Joes Bay, and is 13 miles west from Tacoma on an air line, but the steamer route is about 20 miles.

The association is simply a land-holding institution, and can take no part in the starting of an industry. All industries are inaugurated by the members interested and those willing to help them. Streets are not opened yet and we have no sidewalks. Those thinking of coming here must expect to work, as it is not an easy task to clear this land

and get it in condition for cultivation. There are 70 people here—20 men, 18 women and 32 children. We are not living communistic, but there is nothing in our articles of incorporation and agreement to prohibit any number of persons from living in that manner if they desire to do so.

## HAPPINESS AND APPRECIATION.

Continued from page 1.

personal happiness would be greatly increased. We all know from experience that happiness or sorrow affects us more or less whenever we are surrounded by either one or the other; that we cannot be truly happy while in company with those who are suffering or sad; that associating with those who are light-hearted and happy tends to make us happy, and that our own greatest happiness is often found in making others happy. If, then, there is anyone to whom we can direct even visionary happiness, why should we not do it? If we are made the happier by having happy associates, and if the greater the number the greater the volume of happiness it must logically follow that the greater the number of persons we succeed in making happy the greater will be the sum total of our own happiness in life, be it selfish or unselfish.

But what I wish to particularly direct attention to is the work of many writers who contribute articles to the press for the enlightenment of down-trodden humanity, but which receives but little more than a passing notice. I have often seen articles in print, which I hoped to see followed by others from the same writer, but none that I have seen ever appeared. Others, too, have probably read instructive contributions which they would like to have seen followed by others of similar character, but the writer doubtless never heard whether his article was considered worth perusing by anyone, and thinking his production worthless he has never attempted to write again. We read the contents of our reform papers, but we seldom know the writers who contribute "copy" for our instruction, and the writers probably seldom know whether their efforts are appreciated or whether anyone derives any enjoyment or instruction from the thoughts that are expressed.

Now, I would like to suggest that contributors to our radical papers give their full address, in addition to their name, so that anyone so disposed, and not feeling capable of writing for the press, could convey his or her ideas of appreciation of any article which appears in print, to the author by letter. The reception of such appreciation would often stimulate the author to superior and renewed energy and thought in the interest of those for whom he or she was writing, while a feeling that their thoughts have been dropped on "stony soil" has, undoubtedly, prevented many from making a second attempt. It is different, of course, with those who have experienced opposition for years and become accustomed to "rowing against the tide" than it is with those who are novices in the field. The new beginner expects appreciation, while we anticipate and are prepared for opposition. Therefore, if anyone can write anything that makes us happy let us share that happiness with them by expressing our

appreciation of the efforts they put forth.

J. A. GILLIE.

864½ Howard street, San Francisco, Calif., organizer of the M. A. C. A., to which all persons seeking happiness and appreciation are invited and admitted free. Particulars for a 1-cent stamp.

## RECEIPTS.

Gleeser 50c, Carlson 50c, Livesey 11c.

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1. General View of Home from Rocky Point and entrance to Bay. Two views—one taken in July, 1899, and the other in 1900, showing improvements.  
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3. Boat and Beach Scene.  
4. Across the Bay.  
5. Rocky Point.  
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## ORDER OF DISCONTENT.

## Articles of Incorporation and Agreement of the Mutual Home Association.

Be it remembered, that on this 17th day of January, 1898, we, the undersigned, have associated ourselves together for the purpose of forming a corporation under the laws of the State of Washington.

That the name of the corporation shall be The Mutual Home Association.

The purpose of the association is to assist its members in obtaining and building homes for themselves and to aid in establishing better social and moral conditions.

The location of this corporation shall be at Home, located on Joes Bay, Pierce County, State of Washington; and this association may establish in other places in this state branches of the same where two or more persons may wish to locate.

Any person may become a member of this association by paying into the treasury a sum equal to the cost of the land he or she may select, and one dollar for a certificate, and subscribing to this agreement.

The affairs of this association shall be conducted by a board of trustees, elected as may be provided for by the by-laws.

A certificate of membership shall entitle the legal holder to the use and occupancy of not less than one acre of land nor more than two (less all public streets) upon payment annually into the treasury of the association a sum equal to the taxes assessed against the tract of land he or she may hold.

All money received from memberships shall be used only for the purpose of purchasing land. The real estate of this association shall never be sold, mortgaged or disposed of, a unanimous vote of all members of this association shall be required to change these articles of incorporation.

No officer, or other person, shall ever be empowered to contract any debt in the name of this association.

All certificates of membership shall be for life.

Upon the death of any member a certificate of membership shall be issued covering the land described in certificate of membership of deceased:

First: To person named in will or bequest.  
Second: Wife or husband.  
Third: Children of deceased; if there is more than one child they must decide for themselves.

All improvements upon land covered by certificate of membership shall be personal property, and the association as such has no claim thereto.

Any member has the right of choice of any land not already chosen or set aside for a special purpose.

**CERTIFICATE OF MEMBERSHIP.**  
This is to certify that has subscribed to the articles of incorporation and agreement and paid into the treasury of the Mutual Home Association on the sum of . . . dollars, which entitles . . . to the use and occupancy for life of lot . . . block . . . as platted by the association, upon complying with the articles of agreement.